

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

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No. 24.

Note and Comment

Mr. Sifton has made his first appearance as Premier of the Province, being given a unanimous nomination on Wednesday night at the Liberal convention in Vermilion. A statement of the policy which he would pursue was looked for, but this he is evidently reserving for a future date. That there will be any violent change from that which has been followed since the establishment of the Province is not expected. Nothing could have been more decisive than the approval which the electors gave it a little over a year ago and The Saturday News for one cannot see what has happened since that time to make people think that what was all right then is all wrong now. Such a paragraph as the following from the Lethbridge Herald is very mystifying:

"A record," it says, "of what it tried to do, but didn't, will form a large part of the history of the Rutherford government. It had good ideas in many respects, but they failed to materialize in deeds."

Such an observation is most unjust. The most effective answer to it is to be found in a study of the Herald's own files up to two or three months ago. If the government was, as is described, it is very remarkable that the editor of the Herald should have accepted a cabinet position a little more than half a year ago. The Saturday News has not devoted a quarter of the space that the Herald has to telling its readers of the good work which stood to the credit of the Rutherford administration, but it has no idea of swallowing itself now that that administration has passed into history. There is no need for passing in review at this stage its record of usefulness in a dozen fields of activity. It is one that the Province can look back upon with no little pride and satisfaction and when the time comes for studying it, quite apart from present political exigencies, we have no fear of the permanent verdict of posterity.

It is one thing to praise the good work of public men when they have favors and honors to confer and another when this is no longer the case. In the first instance, there is always the suspicion that those who tell of their good deeds are playing the part of sycophants; in the second, this suspicion cannot fairly be entertained. There is accordingly a great deal more pleasure and satisfaction now than there was a year ago in paying to Mr. Rutherford and his colleagues the tribute which we, now as then, believe to have been honestly their due.

June 29th has been selected as the date of the bye-elections rendered necessary by the Cabinet changes. In Medicine Hat it is certain that Mr. Mitchell will have opposition. Mr. Huckvale came out as an independent and has since received the formal Conservative nomination. If any opposition is offered to the Premier or to Mr. McLean, it will also come from the Conservatives. That they are preparing themselves to take full advantage of the opportunity which has arisen from the dissension in the Liberal ranks is evident. Certainly the situation looks much brighter from their standpoint than a few months ago appeared possible for many years to come. When the news came that Mr. Riley had resigned in Gleichen it was assumed that, as he had acted in close association with Mr. Bennett in the Legislature, he would receive Conservative support. This is not likely to be the case, as prominent members of the party in the riding have stated definitely that a candidate would be in the field.

Mr. Riley's resignation of his seat, in forwarding which he attacked the new Premier in very bitter language, as well as the Lieutenant Governor, whom he accused of acting in unconstitutional fashion in calling on Mr. Sifton to form a government, complicates the political situation still further. Mr. Cushing has expressed his approval of Mr. Riley's course. Many of the followers of the former Minister of Public Works had already expressed their confidence in Mr. Sifton. That a large proportion of them will continue to do so is certain, and when the House meets he will, it is apparent, have a strong majority behind him. Where the remnant will eventually drift is a matter of speculation.

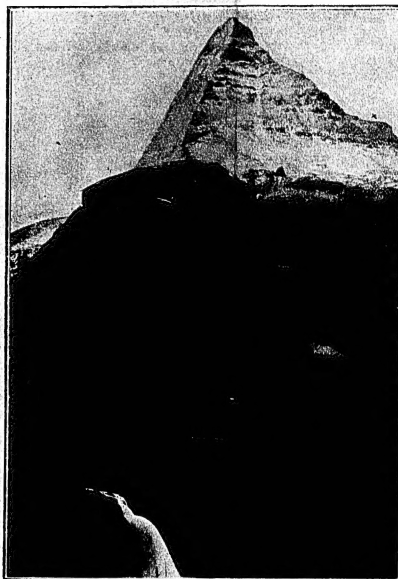
No newspaper can be expected to guarantee the genuineness of claims made by its advertisers. The reader must use his own judgment in regard to

them. This is especially true where the possibility of large speculative gains are held out. Independent investigation is always wise. The following from the St. Thomas (Ont.) Times, is well worth reproducing in view of the many invitations which have been extended to investors to sink their money in different enterprises in the province to the west. Many of these are all right, but discrimination is absolutely necessary or a good many people will be badly bitten. The article in the Times reads:

syndicate before the option was exercised.

Therefore, on May 3rd this committee set out for British Columbia to spy out the land which was located in the Fort George district. The committee was composed of Robert D. Ferguson of Southwold, and Dr. Lawrence, C. S. Cunningham, E. A. Smith and M. H. Penhale of this city. They all returned on Monday night, after a pleasant journey of exploration of the wilds of the province of canned salmon and gold.

MOUNT ROBSON



This is by all odds the best view secured of the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies. It was taken by Rev. G. B. Kinney, the only man to make the ascent. The climb he describes in an article in the Canada Monthly, which is reproduced elsewhere in this issue. It will be remembered that shortly after Mr. Kinney set out from Edmonton last summer to make the attempt, a party, headed by Mr. L. S. Amery of the London Times, left the city on a similar quest. Despite the fact that their resources were large and Mr. Kinney's small, they failed and he succeeded. The cross in the above marks the site of the camp highest up from which he made his climb to the summit. The falls in the foreground are higher than Niagara, so that the impressiveness of the view of this great peak is easily imagined. Those who have been over the route of the G. T. P. from which Robson may be seen, declare that the mountain scenery is superior to that along the line of the C. P. R.

A FOREST RANGER'S STATION



The government is erecting these buildings all through the forest reserve which it has created along the eastern slope of the Rockies. Though this territory is but a small part of Alberta, it is equal to two-thirds of Nova Scotia.

A month or two ago a syndicate of thirteen citizens was formed for the purpose of investing in 12,800 or more acres of fruit lands in the widely exploited Nechaco Valley of British Columbia. The purchase price was to be \$7.25 an acre, and an option of 25 cents an acre was paid to clinch the deal. It was part of the bargain, however, that the land was to be personally inspected by a committee of the

"We had a bully fine outing," said Mr. Penhale, "and the land is still there." He and the others, however, are emphatic in telling their friends that they did not find things as they hoped or expected, and would not enter into possession of the land.

"Why," said Mr. Cunningham, "you can't grow hay, you can't grow anything on the land we saw." He intimated that people here need not be concern-

ed about the higher cost of living. Hay, he says, costs \$100 a ton at Fort George, and oats are ten cents a pound. It would be cheaper to use automobiles there, but no roads have yet been built."

E. A. Smith says the region visited by the party is a mining and fishing country, but it cannot boast of any of the advantages of Western Ontario. To illustrate how the people of the Fort George neighborhood look upon those who leave the "Garden of Canada," to go into the far north, Mr. Smith recalls a question—a very pointed question—that was put to him by a Fort George man. The latter after hearing that Mr. Smith was from St. Thomas, Ontario, enquired: "Is it true that down in that part of Ontario they can grow fruit, all kinds of vegetables, and have a nice climate?" Mr. Smith swelled out his chest a couple of times as he replied that all these things were true and then some, but the same chest dropped back to about twenty-five per cent. below normal when the stranger followed up his first question with:

"Then, what in h—l are you doing here?"

Several of the party told the Times that the possibilities of the district have been exaggerated, while the extensive advertising now appearing in the east is calculated to deceive the distant investor.

But the visit of the party to the west was not altogether in vain. On the return trip two of its members passed through a country which was really worth while. The article in the Times concludes:

"Mr. Cunningham and Dr. Lawrence returned from Edmonton to Winnipeg over the new Grand Trunk Pacific line as guests of Superintendent Brewer. Mr. Cunningham is enthusiastic in describing the new road, which is built on modern lines—big rails, heavy bridges, well ballasted and level roadbed and fine rolling stock. Both the doctor and the G. T. R.-Wabash superintendent predict a great future for the new transcontinental road and the rich farming lands through which it passes."

The London Times, in calling attention to the decision of the King to race horses after the manner of his father, says:

"We are not blind to the dangers of the turf, but we are convinced that the participation of the King will tend to maintain the purity of the sport, and to diminish its drawbacks."

From a Canadian source, the Toronto World, the editor of which is an owner of racehorses, comes this comment:

"This is not a justification of anything that may be wrong on the turf, but it is an effort to regulate a popular sport by the best men participating in it and maintaining it as a sport and as a spectacle. The professional bookmaker and the professional bettor can never be justified and are unnecessary members of society. The public, however, must have some recreation, and that recreation ought to be regulated by the best men. Participation in racing as a spectacle seems to be a pronounced characteristic of the English-speaking race, whether in Europe, America or any other portion of the globe."

The King is undoubtedly right. It may be fairly argued that there are other pastimes, which it is more in the broad interests of the public to encourage than horse racing, but the fact of the nation's strong predilection for this form of amusement must be faced. To abandon it wholly to low-down influences would be a mistake. All must admit that it has great attractions and the problem is to preserve these and at the same time shake it free from those undesirable connections, which have absolutely nothing in common with true sport.

We are just beginning to realize what a splendid summer playground is offered by the sea of mountains which lies to our west. The cut on this page serves to remind us that a new region of great beauty and impressiveness is being opened up for us by the new transcontinental. Up to the present the districts accessible to visitors have been very limited. This disability the British Columbia government is now quietly proceeding to overcome. Under the minister of public works an automobile road is being constructed through the mountains, and the best scenic portions of the province, which will, when completed, reach Vancouver. It is being made sixty feet in width and of solid macadam, winding around mountain sides so as to make easy grades.

(Continued on page eight)

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THE JOYS OF A SUMMER VACATION

They rented a cottage together, the Browns and their neighbors, the Joneses, and said: "We'll share in the cost and divided up the work, and each one shall make his own bed."

"T'will be easy to do, and I'm sure we will find that housework will seem just like play."

For a while things went smoothly, a week or two passed, then clouds in the distance appeared.

Mrs. Jones told her hubby that mean Mrs. Brown up and "sneaked" when the table was cleared. While it wasn't her right to wash dishes, of course, she might have helped put them away. As she did whenever 'twas Mrs. Brown's turn, a fact she could truthfully say.

Then Mrs. Jones said she was sick of her job, because Mrs. Brown seemed to think She had nothing to do but look pretty while she slaved the summer away at the sink.

And Jones disliked Brown because he declined to help clean the fish that they caught. While Brown had a notion that Jones didn't go for the water as hot as he ought.

When a month had gone by Mrs. Jones started in to "hand" Mrs. Brown "a few things."

And Mrs. Brown, also, unburendered her mind of a few little neighborly flings.

Now the Joneses and the Browns are at home once again, their vacation was far from a treat.

And good Mrs. Brown doesn't see Mrs. Jones when they happen to pass on the street.

—Chicago Record Herald.

I wonder which is cause for effect—do silly, demoralizing songs produce silly, demoralized people or does the

degenerate taste of the general public demand that popular composers confine their talents to the exploiting of slushy-mushy rot-and worse? which?

I wouldn't attempt to solve the puzzle, but I do know that the majority of songs being sung in every vaudeville house are, with few exceptions, Tommy-rot—from a bundle before me I pick this gem—

"Sometimes I wish every fellow—
Were in love with me;
Just think of being the darling
Of each boy you see.
I would not care why they love me
If they'd all be true;
Why should they need any reason
Than because they do."

While it is a prince to some of the effusions offered. Now why by all that's sensible should be submit to listening in the theatre, to such sickly sentiments, when if we caught any person in our vicinity using them in real life, we would pronounce them idiots on the spot. Isn't there enough of the real article we call "love" in our makeups to make us responsive to honest, tender love songs? Who though, would ever dream of singing "Come into the garden, maud," for instance at a vaudeville show, though the piece lends itself to a much prettier characterization than "I'd rather two-step than waltz, Bill," with its pasty-faced female cavoring madly around in the arms of a rake of a Bowery tough. Frankly, I have enough faith in people yet to believe that even the worst of the crowd would prefer a well-sung, really beautiful song to these horrible make-shifts devoid of music, rhyme and reason.

But even this isn't the worst sickly sentimentality, nauseating as it may be, is just sickly—that's the worst you can say of it, but what shall be pronounced against the absolutely vulgar, suggestive makeshifts that have obtained since a vague.

The other evening I dropped into the theatre for a relaxation to hear what a brazen creature in a racous, squeaky voice, every turn of body and eyes loathly suggestive, rendered, "I'd like another situation just like that."

From another pile of music I cull this:

"Then I refresh my tired brain,
With Benedictine or champagne,
Then clasp some girl round the waist
And draw her close, her lips to taste.
So in a cup of sparkling wine,
To me its heavenly, divine,
And then a pressure of the hand,
A glance from her I understand,
And as we sip the sparkling wine,
One arm around her neck I twine.
And sip the waiter three or four,
To bring me on a dozen more."

Now, if there no genuine fun left in the world, no wit, no jingling nonsense, that we should have to tolerate such laughter-food as this.

Night after night be-dazzled "adies" and ogling "gentlemen" give us "turns" after this pattern, when the world is full of clever people turning out, clever nonsense rhymes. I can't believe that we are grown too stupid to enjoy fun, pure, simple and undiluted, if the music ball favorites will serve it up to us.

The poor, sorrowful old world is pining for laugh as evidence the weak, miserable jests that move it to merriment, but let us have something funny to laugh at, not take-offs on matrimonial infidelity, the delight and riot of the wine cup, the poor, over-worked mother-in-law gag, and so forth.

More than the effect producing a cause, I believe the cause creates the effect of a general demoralizing influence from the music-hall stage as it is too often run.

Today we are heet on all sides by cheap wit, while the most sacred things in life are held up to ridicule. How often does one hear a really smart remark nowadays? and on the other hand, what idiotic utterances are met with perfect shrieks of laughter!

Young men and maidens no longer shun at the first signs of suggestive witicism. I couldn't tell you when I have seen anyone blush in a twelfth-month.

The Story of Chantecler

From the "Woman's Kingdom," conducted by "Kit" in the Toronto Mail and Empire, I reproduce this delight-

ful notice of a play which has attracted worldwide attention. She writes:

At the first reading of notices of Chantecler, particularly affected as these were by the ridiculous cartoons in the United States newspapers, we felt inclined to laugh at the childishness and grotesquerie of the whole thing and to laugh at the folly of a pet like Rostand indulging in such nursery nonsense, so far removed from Peter Pan and Maeterlinck's beautiful Bird play.

People were saying, "Just like the French! They want only the ridiculous, the amusing, the bizarre," which commentary on the most intellectual race in the world is in its turn amusing. Now, however, the world will look with a different eye at the amazing gathering of the Farnyard, which in itself embraces all our little world, the social side especially.

In this delightful First Act—as replete with satire as with humor—we are introduced to the main character, he of the royal red comb, Chantecler, to Paton, that Diogenes of dog-dom, and to the Blackbird, who appears to be the essence of Moliere, Rousseau, Marat, Tallyrand, a New York Clubman, and, with due respect (but is he not in fine company?) like a certain prominent Toronto K.C., a most eminent lawyer. The Blackbird is quite the cleverest and most humorous cynic we have met for a long time. He knows the world, the weakness of women, the shams of society, and, we feel quite sure he has seen a Fitzsimmons' mill or two. The wickedness of the world is print to him, as it was to young Bailey, of Todger's Commercial Boarding House. We also meet Briffault, the hunting dog, who is rather a fool in spite of his talents, the Turkey who we have met frequently in our human world; the Duck—rather a toff, who calls his bath his "tub"—an early English Duck—he the Guinea Hen, who is at once that poor thing, a society leader and a society climber, her son—a fool—and all the hens gifted with all the petty, spiteful, mean little sins and vices we are led to expect from hens.

We are also introduced to the lady of the piece, the Pheasant Hen, who within the small compass of her golden-brown body and artful mind holds all the wickedness of woman from Cleopatra to the present. She is Salome and The Vampire, Messalina and Miss Innocence, as well as the New York society woman who approaches marriage with an eye to divorce and detests children. But she is very pretty, beautifully dressed, and—so chic! The Old Hen, who lives in a basket, is the Mr. P's Aunt of the piece, having all that estimable day's fondness for lusting into epigram on most unusual occasions, only the O. H. shows a knowledge of worldly ways and sins which would have made the cap of Mr. P's Aunt rise upon her few gray hairs.

The act begins by all the hens becoming envious of the White Hen, who is pecking at a small green bottle, "crisp and nice and tasting of the rose leaves he had lived upon." She tells them, as they rush up, that he was delicious, just to make their heads water. I suppose. The foolish Gray Hen is in love with the Cuckoo in the clock in the kitchen, thinking him—so many women do likewise—a real bird. And while they are all cackling and chattering, the Blackbird alternately satirizes and laughs at them from his perch. He has no reverence for anything or one, for even when Chantecler himself appears and crows his ode to the sun, "He's letting off hot air," chuckles the Blackbird, who sees to the bottom of things. "Frouder than a drum major chanting as he marches: 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,'" he continues as the great rooster apostrophizes the sun. Observing that a stranger in the shape of a pigeon admires him, Chantecler thanks him, calling him "young, blue-winged . . . with new fledged bill," when Blackbird offers this bit of wisdom: "Jolly your admirers, it pays!" And so on, the cynical philosopher interlards the farnyard conversation with his mordant satire and grim humor.

Every now and again the Old Hen pops up from her basket with some such saying as: "Wednesday's crops do credit to Tuesday." "None knows he heavens like the water in the well," immediately popping into her basket, and relapsing into silence.

Paton, the dog, is a faithful friend and ally of Chantecler, though a rough one. He is of no particular breed, he tells you frankly, for "I can't help being within me the voice of every blood. Retriever, mastiff, pointer, poodle, bound—my soul is a whole pack, sitting in a circle musing . . . I am all dogs. I have been every dog!"

This accounts possibly for the great intelligence of the mongrel, for, as surely, Paton is a being of brains.

(continued on page three)

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The Mirror

(Continued from page two)

He sizes up the Blackbird thus: "The chief thing about him is—that you can't tell what he is," which is a clever, summing-up. The Old Hen pops up with "Strike rotten wood and see the lice scatter," apropos to some sinister remark of Paton's, to which Blackbird replies: "You are an old puddle of the year '48, I am an up-to-date bird."

Which assuredly he is.

There is much conversation, all of it sparkling with epigram, wit, satire and humor, which come to a point, when Chantecler, Paton and Blackbird discuss the Guinea Hen. The rooster calls this society leader and climber, "that foolish old party with the crazy cries and the white-plastered beak," and is informed by the Blackbird she has taken a day at home: "Monday, my dear—" in a miming voice, "from five to six." The dog tells how the visitors cluck and cackle, how the Turkey "airs his social gifts, and the Chick gets into society." It is most amusing and is really rather true to life as it is lived in the higher farmyard circles.

But enter Delilah. In other words, the Hen Pheasant flies over the wall pursued by a shot and entreats Chantecler to hide her. She is attired as a golden pheasant, so at first sight Chantecler takes her to be a male. "Is this great Chantecler?" she cries, flying to him for protection. "The Blackbird—" All over the shop we're famous." Briffaut, the hunting dog, now appears in search of the pheasant, who has been banded into the dog kennel. The old mongrel makes a fool of him and soon gets rid of him, though the mischievous Blackbird whistles him back to tell him he is losing something. "What?" asks Briffaut, impatient to be off. "Time," answers the Machiavellian bird, "who one can imagine with the lip of his wing held against his beak."

The Pheasant emerges from the kennel and struts about, praising herself. Chantecler cannot understand why the lady should appear in the dress of her husband. It is a simple matter, she tells him. She simply leaves off laying and hatching eggs. She dislikes that sort of plebeian life. Nature then gives her the golden plumage—"all the colors of the prism" which she pretends to be a "fisher, gray wing" which shelters the young brood, and she flies forth to fresh conquests.

Chantecler begins to lose his head. Paton, the dog, watches him with anxiety—the Blackbird, with keen and cynical delight. He knows what is going to happen. All this time the hens are away at their duties, some in the field, some in the garden, pecking at insects and grubs; others to their broods and their eggs. Presently they will come trooping home. Blackbird hies him to tell Guinea Hen that a beautiful Society Person is in town whom she ought to invite to her Mondays. The Pheasant Hen is meanwhile flirting. She discovers Chantecler has a secret. She insinuates that he might tell her. He turns the conversation to other matters, she follows his cue. Gently she tells him of the impression he has made upon her; all the stock phrases come out—"One feels that you have a soul," a soul shut in "so far from life and its dreams!" Can you not hear the little sigh that accompanies the delicately flattering words?

In races the Guinea Hen, followed by all the hens. The old lady is in a green state of agitation. She presents her son. You feel that he should be wearing a broad check suit and a monocle. I feel quite sure he is indeed when he said to the Pheasant, "What a jolly shade of blonde!" "Like better," whispers a jealous Hen. Chantecler tells his wives his time for them to go indoors to bed. The Guinea Hen tells the Pheasant she really must come to her next Five O'Clock. The Terriote will be there, and the Tuffed Hen, and the Peacock, and oh, a host of others!

Meanwhile the old wives are confounded with jealousy. "You will come it, won't you, dear?" enquires the Tuffed Hen of Chantecler. "No," replies the Turk with brevity. She waddles up the ladder, and then the Pheasant Hen—with fine worldly wisdom entreats him to retire with his family.

She knows a thing or two that little golden brown Pheasant—

He hesitates, then goes part way up the ladder.

"Quandoe dormitaz," murmurs the Turkey from her roost:

"Dormitumus," says the Blackbird. Night falls.

"Pheasant Hen!" calls Chantecler in a whisper.

But she is too sleepy and too wise to answer more than a petulant

"What do you want?" To which he replies, "Nothing, nothing!" and at last retires.

And as they sleep, the Cats and Owls and other creatures of the night awake and hold anarchic conversations. They detest Chantecler for different and sapient reasons. The Cat because the Dog likes him, the chickens because he is greater than they are, and has his statue in bronze on all the terpsies; the Capon, because, well, because he can't bear him; the Turkey because he knew him as a chick—

But the Hen Pheasant, who has heard it all, says, as she comes slowly from behind the kennel, "I am beginning to love him!"

Alas, Hens! alas, Chantecler!

ENVIRONMENT, ITS BENEFITS AND DANGERS

Where there is life there is environment—there can be no life without it. The absence of environment is death. Here are no other three words in our language fraught with more momentous significance than life, environment, death. For this reason it is that so many of our greatest writers and our deepest thinkers have spent so much time and labor, and such profound study upon these three subjects. Indeed, the nature and perplexities of biology have engaged the most earnest attention of the greatest minds in all ages from Moses to Herbert Spencer, and down to the present hour. To this fact the writer appeals, then, by way of excuse for occupying the reader's time and attention for a few moments upon a theme not by any means popular with many newspaper readers. In treating of this matter, however, we shall touch only the fringe of this great subject, and that very briefly.

What water is to the fish, or air to the bird—what light, heat and moisture are to the plant, so is environment, and vice versa. Once this correspondence entirely ceases, death is the inevitable result. All this, you say, is old, we knew it years ago. Very likely, but old truths are often none the less true for being old, and the oldest truth may be new to some people, especially young folk for whom we are here specially writing.

The life, then, depends for its continuance upon the environment; but more than this, the nature and character of the life is modified by that of its surroundings. Put a healthy plant in a dark cellar, and see what happens. Lay a brick young trout on the grass for a time and it will soon languish, and eventually die. Life to remain unimpaired must be kept in its own healthy surroundings; its life is powerfully influenced by the environment. Bird life must have perfect bird-life environment; fish life must have environment fitted to its natural existence; and human life—physical or moral—if plunged into an environment detrimental to its own life purposes, must inevitably suffer, and if continued, die. It will thus be seen that life is a constant struggle with death, and the best definition of life we have ever seen is, that "Life is the sum-total of the forces that resist death."

Well, then, viewing attentively all these matters we are only looking in "a glass darkly," that is, as in an enigma. A great authority has said that "all visible things are symbolisms," and if this is so, the fact above stated are symbolical, too. We will try and read the riddle aright. In all earnestness, therefore, this question: "What is my daily and nightly environment?"—What are my moral surroundings?—Are they of the nature of pure air, bright sunlight, spotless cleanliness, with moral odors sweet as those of the spring morning? If not, what then? Remember that the physical and moral laws of life are not to be violated with impunity—as your self-sought environment, so is your life's health—your character's welfare. The murky, dark vapors of an immoral environment are as truly fatal to the moral welfare as the poisonous miasma is to the bodily health and safety.

But what are we to do? You say: Is all pleasure wicked? God forbid! We would be sure of the fact is to destroy exhibitions of skill and cleverness and powers of physical endurance, whether in the billiard players, the card player, the athlete, or even the race-horse. We admire art, and wit, and unblemished enjoyment of every kind and degree, and the more reasonably speaking such things are found in life's environment the better it will be for us. But what we do, and ever will do, our voice against is an environment saturated with immorality, vice and unblushing debauchery.

Even in this age you will not find the fig leaf on the shrub, the grapes on the branches. Truly, now as ever, the tree is known by its fruit; and any time that leaves an unwholesome effect, in any degree detrimental to life's best interests, must

necessarily be in its very nature objectionable. It is no excuse to say that "we cannot see" why such and such a thing should be harmful; in most cases of this kind it is not that we "cannot see," but that we "will not" see. Conscience is thus stilled, the judgment is willfully warped, and the entire moral character suffers accordingly.

GEORGE BOWKER.

Edmonton.

To His Majesty King George

Punch.
Sire, while the heart of grief is not yet dumb
For him we loved, how well can scarce be said;
While still the music of the muffled drum
Rolls in the solemn requiem of the dead;

For you, on whom the instant duties lie
Which were ordained of old for Kings to bear
And may not pause for death—we lift our cry,
"God keep you in His Care!"

It had to be that your first steps should fall
Within the dreadful shadow thrown across
The path you take at Destiny's high call.

Lonely, always, and lonelier by your loss;
Yet if our prayers, where Hope and Memory meet,
If loyal service laid before your throne,

Can lend you comfort and confirm your feet,
Then are you not alone.

Nay, there is set beside you, near and dear,
Your Queen and ours, the gentle, brave and wise,
Fit comfort by the claim we most revere—

Her English love of home and homely ties;
And there is that Queen-Mother, who is fair
Through bitter tears to bless your work begun;

To whom, through King and Emperor, you remain
Just her beloved son.

Nor comes it strange to you, this realm of yours;
Your eyes have seen it, crowded with large increase,
Have ranged the circuit of its seas and shores.

Canopied by the covering wings of Peace;
Such is the gift he guarded close for you,
Your royal father, such his fair bequest;

Who saw the promise of his task come true,
And so lay down to rest.

Yet may we pay for Peace too dear a price,
If, lapped in confidence and careless ease,
We let the summoning need of sacrifice

Find us with sinews soft and feeble knees;
Sire, it is yours to lift the nation's life
Out of its languor ere it be too late.

And make her win from Peace that nobler strife
Which keeps a country great.

The ancient splendor falls upon your brow!
Take up your heritage with both your hands!

Call us to shake ourselves, betimes and now,
Free of the snare of slumber's sickening bands!

See, we are true men still, a patriotic breed;
Still to our storied names and fame we cling;

Give but the sign, we follow where you lead,
For God and for the King!

O. S.

THE QUESTIONER

Scrutiny's

I called the day to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four!"
We'll you laugh in that same light-hearted way

When you're turned, say, thirty more!"

Then I thought of a past, I'd faintly erase—

More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face

For it seemed to say:

"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny one
And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!"
Those lips are as sweet as the bay-

new-mown;

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ROBSON—A CONQUERED KING

The Story of the Ascent of the Highest Mountain in the Canadian Rockies, Along the Line of the G.T.P. West of Edmonton, as told by Rev. G. R. B. Kinney in Canada Monthly.

There's a fanciful story of a hunter who sought for the great white bird of Truth, that he had glimpsed faintly, flying high in the air, with the rose of morning on her wings. Up against the iron cliffs of Life he faced, seeking her, with only the shuttle of Imagination for an outfit, and only a single snow-white feather from her wings for a sign. Up the foothills up the great buttresses of the main ridge; and finally, after a lifetime of effort, died, old and broken, with only a little row of steps cut in the rock behind him, whereon others might climb, but with the single white feather of Truth still lying against his heart.

All I've got to say is that it was lost as lucky for him that he was his shuttle-venturing trying to make Mount Robson.

We put in three seasons trying to conquer the grim, scarred old peak, and it took every man, every horse, every blanket, and every ounce of grub, and every bit of muscle and nerve we could raise out of the party to get us across—no mention of shuttles—to look abroad from his naked horns on the wrinkled valley of the Fraser. Yes, we had that look—had it on Friday, August thirteenth, 1909—had the ascent of the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies for Canada and the Alpine Club—and between you and me and the piebald bit-mule, it took most of our faculties to do it.

It was in August of 1907 that I first saw the old bench-mark of 1875 on a big Douglas fir at the summit of Yellowhead Pass, where the waters of the continent divide and turn towards two oceans.

M. Division No. 1.

M. 75 368471

T. 75 374671

Sept 6th, 1875.

It read, roughly scored on the naked wood by an engraver's party five years ago. Thirty-five seasons had patiently striven to cover it with overlapping bark; thirty-five spring Bows of amber balsam had tried to heal the scar, but it still stood out clear beside the fresh yellow mark of the Grand Trunk Pacific engineers whose new line follows hard on the old trail.

But that doesn't mean that the summit of Yellowhead Pass is a popular resort by any means. Only a very rare trail marks the progress of civilization there, yet. We knew all about that rude trail. It had been worn there by the feet of two hundred miles—ever since we left Lagan with the gay intention of climbing Mount Robson.

We had hauled our ten horses, individually and collectively, out of the Pipestone muskies; we had hewn our way across and scratched our faces in the fallen timber of the Saskatchewan and the Brazeau, and tumbled off and into things innumerable times; we had seen the big Columbia Glacier, were intimately acquainted with Mounts Wilson, Coleman and Athabasca; had fed our beasts in the high pastures of the Big Horn and the Goat and the Caribou. Yes, we knew that trail to the point of calling it by its first name, and when we finally camped on the bank of the Miette, and after building a raft, gingerly trusted ourselves and our outfit to the mercies of its tumbling waters, we almost sighed with relief.

For a score or more of miles we followed the Miette. The Rainbow Mountains, in all their gorgeous colors, flanker us on either hand, and brooded over us while we tumbled with the current, or toiled across timbered bottoms and sunny meadows where the wild pea-vine grows as high as the horses' girths. Up here is the lair of all the rivers of the continent. We were constantly fording them—wetness was the habitual condition of our collective trousers-legs, and a good share of most of our possessions. Personally, I could have got along very comfortably with a few less rivers, and I fancy the rest of the party felt the same way. After the three hundred and sixty-first ford.

The party was an Alpine Club party, however, used to such incidents, and we had a definite purpose in view, which no amount of fords could discourage; to climb Mount Robson. No white men had ever been known to reach the king of the Canadian Rockies, and Dr. Coleman of Toronto University, had organized us from the members of the Alpine Club, with this intention. We were at least going to see the huge mountain; if possible, to reach the top.

Finally we passed the last barrier, crossed the last ford, and swung into the valley of the Grand Forks. Eight or ten miles away the great limestone wedge of the king, 13,700 feet

up in the air, buttressed across the whole valley, with a fall bigger than Niagara roaring unnoticed at his feet, and the whole north of him, an gigantic, sheer, unbroken rock-faced slide from pinnacle to base, rose before our overawed gaze. The grand, isolated peak, cloaked with untold ages of snow, towering far above all the other peaks of its range, its high-dug crown almost touching heaven, its perpendicular walls and overhanging glaciers brooding over the deep valleys with awful calm, one of the grandest sights imaginable to man. We stood to gaze, saying nothing. The words hadn't been invented.

We did not make the summit that year, for Mount Robson cloaks himself in storms, and is not sympathetic towards venturesome human ants, but we did a great deal of investigation around his lower slopes. I, from my roving disposition, became the explorer, and the party was constantly wandering off on solitary jaunts. My first discovery was the beautiful lake to be seen by name, and to see as Banff, Paradise Valley, Lake Louise, Yoho and Glacier are to the heart of the mountain-lover, without doubt surpasses the beauties of all the known Canadian Alps. So fearful is the height of Mount Robson above this valley, and so sheer is its whole face, that the avalanche slide from its very highest peak, within a few yards of the lake, where they lie the year around, in an altitude of not more than two thousand feet, is a fearful sight.

On every side of the great "Valley of a Thousand Falls," a huge wall of perpendicular cliffs thousands of feet high, hems the valley in closely. Here and there, on sheltered ledges, patches of spruce relieve the dark greens, the greys of the rocks, while everywhere the numerous streams from the great glaciers all around plunge over the steep precipices in countless falls of spray. A myriads of ice falls over a cliff at the head of the valley and curves so low as to reach the valley floor, while here and there in the bottom of the valleys are huge springs from which flow full-fed streams. A high-up glacier on the west has such a large field of snow at its source and flows down so steep an incline that huge chunks of ice are constantly breaking off its precipitous front and crashing into the valley below. The most fearful avalanche I ever saw took place on the east side of the mountain, ten minutes by my watch for the foremost chunks of ice to reach the valley.

At the head of the valley and to the north, rises Mount Stanley, a splendid peak of some twelve thousand feet altitude, while to the right, at an altitude of between two and three thousand feet above the valley, the Grand Forks, with its fine, beautiful, steep cliffs and a series of beautiful cascades down a very narrow gorge, till it sweeps across the floor of the valley. From the Goat trail, that winds in and out among these overhanging cliffs, truly the "Valley of a Thousand Falls" is a marvel of Alpine scenery.

Failing to climb Mount Robson in the first season, our condition of affairs, our party returned the next summer, and made several heroic attempts. We camped high up on the big glacier three different times, only to be driven back by storm. We succeeded in making our splendid climb up the great cliffs of ice and snow on that east side, reaching an altitude of 12,000 feet, the first time, or at least as high as the top of Mount Stephen, and 17,000 feet or higher than Mount Temple, the second attempt. All day long on each trip we labored among extreme dangers, of avalanche and crevasse, but our efforts to reach the peak that year were not crowned with success.

Failing as a party, I made a two-day trip up the rock face of the north shoulder of the mountain by myself. I slept on a snow-covered ledge, a thousand feet above tree line, and then toiled on the next day till the middle of the afternoon, reaching an altitude of nearly eleven thousand feet, but a blizzard drove me down, so that attempt failed also.

This year, 1909, hearing that an American party was about to seek the coveted prize, and being unable to obtain companions for a party, I got together a pack train of three horses and three months' provisions and left Edmonton alone to capture the mountain, because to pick up a companion on the trail. Countless difficulties retarded my progress, horses would get stuck in the muskies and packs come off; flooded rivers had to be crossed, in one of which I nearly lost my whole outfit. On this occasion only the most drastic measures saved my camera and photographs, for many of the best photographs that illustrate this article are taken from negatives that on this occasion were rolled and tossed with the pack-horse that carried them and myself, for over half a mile by the raging, foaming floods of that mountain torrent.

At the place where I swam my horses across the Athabasca, I fortunately fell in with Donald Phillips, a young Ontario guide, and persuaded him to go along with me. We followed the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific to the Yellowhead Pass, and down the Fraser as far as the Moose River, which we followed to the west side of the mountain, and then we reached the east side of Mount Robson by way of the Upper Smoky.



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A year before when I went up the valley of the Smoky with Dr. Coleman and party, a terrific electrical storm was raging, followed by a heavy fall of snow. But this year with clouds sunshine and a cloudless sky, and as we swung around a promontory, six miles away Mount Robson stood—a startling wonder of mighty height and dazzling purity. Spontaneous exclamations of surprise and wonder burst from our lips, and we realized it we were ever to reach those glory-crowned heights, our work was certainly cut out for us.

On Saturday, July twenty-fourth, Phillips and I made our permanent camp at tree-line, on the north shoulder of Mount Robson. We turned our horses loose to wander where they pleased, and for three weeks they fattened on the sweet grasses of the mountain meadows.

The following day being Sunday, we took a well-earned rest. Monday dawned fine and clear. We spent the morning in making preparations for a high-up camp. Then shouldering our heavy packs, we climbed the steep way up the steep ice of its colouirs, but by three o'clock we had attained an altitude of not much more than eleven thousand feet, so we returned to the permanent camp at the foot of the mountain to re-provision for another trip.

On Tuesday night, July twenty-eighth, found us camped on a narrow ledge, several hundred feet higher than our high-up camp of the Monday before. Besides three or four days' provisions, we had also packed up those mighty cliffs some thirty pounds of split dry wood.

While eating our supper of warmed-up beans and stewed carrots, our eyes on the wonderful scenes around us. With only one or two exceptions, the peaks were all black with or below us. Countless glaciers of pure white hung in long crystal curtains from the peaks and ridges, the landscape for hundreds of miles as far as the eye could see, as if a mighty sea of swirling billows had been turned to stone and its foaming fury to ice. The setting sun had bathed this scene in a flood of red and gold. But the blues shaded off into purples, and the purples to deepest indigo, till the gathering night rose out of the valleys, eight thousand feet below, and changed those gorgeous sunset tints to sombre blacks and greys, save where the snow-fields gleamed under the light of the stars. We wrapped ourselves in rabbit-skins and lay down to keep out the biting cold, while the wind, though only a zephyr on the ice valley below, coming out of a fine weather sky, drowned the orchestra of a thousand waterfalls. Temple, the second attempt. All day long on each trip we labored among extreme dangers, of avalanche and crevasse, but our efforts to reach the peak that year were not crowned with success.

In that early morning light we tackled a new route up that wall of rock before us with such success that by nine o'clock we had attained an altitude equal to the highest we had reached. Tuesday, July twenty-seventh, over 11,000 feet. But at this height every possible lodging place was filled with snow and ice, and so fearful was the work of step-cutting in the ice that it was afternoon before we had climbed higher than 12,000 feet. That northern edge of the peak seemed only a few hundred feet away when we turned back and camped.

At a little below eleven thousand feet I, Phillips, in charge of the pack and set off to explore a better route for our next climb. Following a ledge around to the west and south for half a mile, I rounded the northwestern shoulder to find that the great west side of the peak offered far better climbing than the cliffs of the north, and hope sprang up afresh in my heart. All we needed was good weather.

That little side trip had so delayed us that it was long after dark before Phillips and I got back to "Camp Higher-up" on the little ledge, so we had to spend another wretched night in the cold, snow-covered rocks of the night, and by early daylight the drip from the rocks above us had so soaked our bedding that, cold, wet and breakfastless we were finally routed from our rude little bed and, plunging through the morning fog, sought the comforts of our camp at the foot of the mountain. From July thirtieth to August ninth, it stormed incessantly on the

mountain. As we were almost completely out of provisions, we spent the time in exploring the country, getting whatever game we could find, ptarmigan, blue grouse, marmots and gophers. On August ninth, though the weather was still very unsettled, we sought to make our "highest-up" camp on the knob of the northwestern shoulder. We each carried a fifty-pound pack on our back to an altitude of ten thousand feet, when a fierce blizzard suddenly stopped our work. Three inches of snow fell in the first ten minutes. Realizing our danger, for avalanches were already roaring about us, we cached our packs in a niche in the cliffs and hurriedly with no small risk, sought the valley below.

Three days later we succeeded in working our way up to the "knob" between 10,500 and 10,700 feet altitude, on the west, where we succeeded in making a bed on a snow-covered shelf. Our sleeping place that night, as to altitude and surroundings, would closely resemble the very peak of Sir Donald or Stephen, excepting that the valleys below us were much deeper and at the low altitude of little more than two thousand feet. Scores of miles of the Fraser valley lay open below us like a map and the mighty Fraser was but a tiny crooked thread of silver. Then the valleys disappeared and we were alone with the stars and the snow-white peaks and the grinding avalanches.

Friday, August thirteenth, dawned clear and cold, and by five o'clock the snow was on our way to the peak. The many cliffs we had to climb were only from ten to a hundred feet high, but those hard smooth, icy slopes between were tipped at an angle of about fifty to seventy degrees. On the slip on the part of either of us meant a fearful slide to death thousands of feet below.

The storm-clouds of sleep swept down and engulfed us while we were at little more than eleven thousand feet altitude. We had not enough provisions for another two-day climb. This was our last possible chance and we despaired of ever reaching the peak. But fortunately, though the clouds were very dense and cold, but little snow fell. The storm was a blessing in a way, for though it spoiled our chance of getting pictures, it kept out the view, of those fearful slopes below.

In five hours of steady work we reached the peak. The clouds broke open for one brief minute, revealing to us a wonderful world, with the Fraser more than 11,000 feet beneath us; then the storm swept in worse than ever.

It took us seven hours to reach our "highest-up" camp, so dangerous had the softened slopes become on account of the storm, and by the time we reached our camp in the valley, the climb had cost us twenty hours of hard work—but we had finally captured Mount Robson for our country and the Alpine Club of Canada.

Our provisions were gone, and we were hundreds of miles from anything like civilization. We made the trip back on what mountain-gophers and small birds we could pick up, but the only reason we didn't eat locusts was because they wouldn't sit still long enough to be caught. Finally I reached Edmonton on September 6th, only to find that Cook and Peary were monopolizing the interest of the world, and leaving no room for such small fry as Mount Robson and me. Still—returning to the fellow who sought for Truth until he died—that found him dead in the hills with a smile on his lips. He knew—and so do I.

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Most of us have at one time or another read something on some high theme from the pen of that distinguished American author, Prof. Harry Thurston Peck. As you put down one of his articles you have said to yourself: "What a thing it must be to live on an exalted intellectual plane like this man. No foolishness is there about him. How much trouble people would save themselves if they could only get into the habit of looking at things from his viewpoint."

Imagining my surprise, therefore, when I picked up a New York paper the other day and read that Prof. Peck, editor of The Bookman, was defendant in a breach of promise case. Some of the letters produced in evidence read as follows:

"Darling Esther: You were so heavenly last night. I can feel you still near me and I can scarcely wait till Monday. Dearest, I am never going to vex you any more or to let any long separation happen. Your little studio up there is too dear for anything and I should like to stay there all the time. Dearest, if you have not written me send me just a line of love so that I can get it on Monday before I come to you and carry it about with me."

I adore you always. Your very own HARRY.

This she received from the Hotel Bristol:

"My Darling: I thought of you so lovingly all night and I am thinking of you in the same way now. You were very beautiful and lovable. Dearest, don't forget me. You wait for me to come to you again and again. I kiss your little hands and adore you."

HARRY.

Another seems to be patching up a misunderstanding. It runs:

"Dear Tessie: It was a little hard to be called a vampire. Yet, after all, I can understand how you feel. There are some things which you have never mentioned—out of tact—but which, if you had mentioned, would have perhaps made things clearer and less strange, apparently. I won't add any more, but I don't believe I'm a vampire. Life is very complex. Yours always."

There follows a letter in which he fears that he pleased her "more when absent than when present," which he said was his misfortune. Still another suggests that if she will meet him at the drug store at Columbus avenue and tenth street he would treat her to a postage stamp and then they could do whatever they might think best.

One with tropical tendencies included "Tessie, darling, don't think I have forgotten," and "Don't mull, but keep all your kisses for me, just as always."

All of this makes us suspicious of a few people around us who are accused of having no red blood in their veins.

"Talking about feet," said the young fellow who was wearing a new pair of kicks, "I was in a shoe store the other evening when a big clod-hopper of a fellow came in and asked to be fitted."

"Pair after pair of the largest shoes in the place were tried, but he failed to even get his toes into them. "Say," said the man, as the big-footed individual prepared to leave, "there's a trunk store a little higher up. Maybe they could fit you with a couple of valises."

"You've never seen a really crowded hotel," remarked the night clerk at a Jasper Avenue hotel, "until you've been in a small town during a big lodge encampment or some other unusual event that taxes the town's hotel accommodations clear beyond their limit. It's so infrequent a small town has occasion to take care of a big crowd that they are completely

overwhelmed, and it is a serious problem to house the overflow."

"I was working at a little hotel in a Central Ohio town a few years ago when the Masons or the Knights of Pythias or some other lodge held a big meeting there. We were putting people away five or six in every room, but even then there were people clamoring for cots or some place to lay their heads."

"The day when the rush was at its height we got permission to put up a limited number of guests in a big Methodist church, right diagonally across the street from the hotel. The hotel, the pews were cushioned and, as there were plenty of big windows that could be opened for ventilation it wasn't a half bad place to sleep. A couple of drummers, regular customers, dropped along that night and were among the first to be assigned to the church."

"That night a little after midnight the whole town was awakened by the violent ringing of the bell in that Methodist church. There was no one around to send over, and I left the desk long enough to chase across and see what was up."

"One of the two drummers stood at the front door in his pyjamas. He had met some friends among the visiting lodge brothers that evening and his eyes showed the effects."

"What a thunder you ringing that bell for?" I demanded, considerably irritated, for I know everybody would blame the hotel for the racket."

"I just rang for a bellboy," replied the guest calmly. "Send over a couple of gin rickies to pew 17."

At a banquet in New York, Canon Henson, describing the old dress of English bishops, said:

"The Bishop of Bath and Wells had been visiting Scarborough. On the way to the train he lost his reckoning and stopped a boy."

"I say, my lad, how far it is to the station?" he asked."

"About a mile, straight ahead," said the boy. Then, staring at the bishop's knee breeches and silk stockings, he added:

"What's up? Somebody swipe yer bike?"

A ripple of laughter went over the crowd of passengers as a matty man, who was wearing a tweed cap, swung aboard.

He smiled with the rest until it became apparent that the joke was on him. Then he began to cough and, whispering sticking to the back of your cap," whispered the passenger on his right.

He mumbled something about his wife being in the habit of borrowing it as he extracted two brilliant hat pins, one from either side and replaced it on his bald head.

The pastor was desirous of bringing about in a tactful way some improvements in the midweek service, and announced to the subject, "The Ideal Prayer-Meeting." A number of helpful suggestions had been made, when one brother, known to be harmless as a dove, if not wise as a serpent, got up, and said:

"I think everybody should come prepared to say something, so that no time should be lost except that which is taken by the pastor."

As he was known to be a great admirer of the pastor, the gravity of the meeting was somewhat disturbed.

"I have a canary bird that will eat out of my hand," said the caller.

"That's nothing," replied the woman who will not be outdone. "Last summer we had any number of mosquitoes that would eat off our necks."

It is extremely unlikely that the following ever happened, but Everybody's Magazine says it did:

When Queen Lilliuokalani was in England during the English Queen's jubilee, she was received at Buckingham Palace. In the course of the remarks that passed between the two queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins.

"How so?" inquired Victoria.

"My ancestors ate Captain Cook."

NO ONE TO BE DISAPPOINTED

Owing to the delays in the mails hundreds of applications for shares did not reach the executive office until too late. Closing out date to be extended until July 16th.

COALINGA-EUREKA OIL CO. (Inc.)

From the volume of applications which have arrived at our office several days after the closing out date, May 28th, for shares in this Company at 25 cents per share, the executive body met and decided that it would be to the best interest of all concerned to fill these delayed orders and extend the same privilege to those at a distance, who could not see the advertisement, owing to lateness in issue of paper, in time to enable them to wire their order here by the closing out date, May 28th.

This is, therefore, a final opportunity for you to secure a block of stock in the Coalinga-Eureka Oil Company at 25 cents per share. No application received for less than 100 shares.

You must bear in mind, however, that no further extensions will be granted. Under no consideration will there be shares offered for sale by the Company, after July 16th, at less than FIFTY CENTS per share. Do not delay, therefore, since the block to be sold at 25 cents is limited.

Since the last advertising announcement appeared in this paper, several new wells have come in with large volumes of oil in the Coalinga oil fields.

Shrewd, far-seeing investors, capitalists from all portions of the world are thronging to Coalinga, the greatest oil fields in the universe, until the district has become a veritable bee hive of men, young and old, anxious to take advantage of this great opportunity of making a maximum amount of money at the minimum of investment.

The oil fields of Coalinga are richer than the gold fields of the Yukon ever were. Do you know that if you had invested \$100 at the inception of the following companies, you would have made:

Silver Tip	\$ 600
W. K.	1,000
Sterling	1,000
Premier	1,100
Monte Cristo	1,120
Record	2,000
S. F. & McK.	2,400
Sauerdough	4,166
Lucile	5,000
San Joaquin	5,700
Peerless	6,350
Kern River	9,500
Central Oil	15,000

"Final" shares sold at 25 cents, they are now selling at \$25 and paying monthly dividends of 15 per cent., an income of \$60 per month on an investment of \$100. When the "Silver Tip" came in, the stock jumped over night from 66 cents to \$4 and has been paying monthly dividends of 10 per cent. ever since.

Similar opportunities are open to you, but you must think for yourself, have the courage of your convictions and act.

Development work is being rushed forward on Well No. 1 of this property, with the result that within a few weeks' time the drill should be down to the oil levels, and the Coalinga Eureka Oil Company's property should be one of the biggest and most profitable propositions operating in the Coalinga fields.

The property is especially well situated, being adjacent to the largest producing properties in the Coalinga field. This means that our property must be immediately above the great oil pools.

For 25 cents you are able to acquire \$1.00 shares. The shares are non-assessable. When you have paid 25 cents per share you receive your certificate. No further demands can be made upon you.

The smallest block of stock is 100 shares, on which the terms are as follows:

What your Money will Buy

Cash Plan (5 per cent. deducted)

\$ 21.75 will buy 100 shares	Par value \$100
47.50 will buy 200 shares	Par value \$200
112.75 will buy 500 shares	Par value \$500
217.50 will buy 1,000 shares	Par value \$1,000

Instalment Plan

\$ 10 cash and \$ 7.50 a month for 2 months buys 100 shares	
20 cash and \$15.00 a month for 2 months buys 200 shares	
30 cash and \$22.50 a month for 2 months buys 300 shares	
40 cash and \$30.00 a month for 2 months buys 400 shares	
50 cash and \$37.50 a month for 2 months buys 500 shares	
100 cash and \$75.00 a month for 2 months buys 1000 shares	

Prospectus and fuller information will be furnished on application.

In conclusion, reservation will be made in the order received, therefore, make your reservation at once, remitting for stock by cheque, draft or money order.

Make all cheques, drafts and money orders payable to G. L. Taschereau, Trustee.

COALINGA-EUREKA OIL CO. (Inc.)

Selkirk Block, 135 Hastings Street, W.,
VANCOUVER, B.C.

STARLAND

Coollest and best ventilated amusement place
In the city

Friday and Saturday of this week

The well known writer E. P. Roe's masterpiece

"Back Among the Old Folks"

A story which will appeal with much force to those
who may have had similar experiences

You Can Have a Model Kitchen

as cool and white as a dairy. No smell, no smoke, no heat, no dust. No old-fashioned contrivances. The

New Perfection SWICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

Is the latest practical, scientific cook-stove. It will cook the most elaborate dinner without heating the kitchen.

Boils, bakes, or roasts better than any range. Ready in a second. Extinguished in a second. Fitted with Cabinet Top, with collapsible



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

rests, towel rack, and every up-to-date feature imaginable. You want it, because it will cook any dinner and not heat the room. No heat, no smell, no smoke, no coal to bring in, no ashes to carry out. It does away with the drudgery of cooking, and makes it a pleasure. Women with the light touch for pastry especially appreciate it, because they can immediately have a quick fire, simply by turning a handle. No half-hour preparation. It not only is less trouble than coal, but it costs less. Absolutely no smell, no smoke; and it doesn't heat the kitchen.

The nickel finish, with the turquoise blue of the enameled chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive Circular to nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

THE CONNELLY-McKINLEY CO. LTD. FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS Private Chapel and Ambulance 136 Rice Street Phone 1525

A WOMAN PUBLISHED THE FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER

A woman published the first daily newspaper in the world. It was called the Courant, and made its first appearance in London on March 11, 1702. Before that time the news had been dispensed weekly, or in a few cases of very progressive editors semi-weekly.

It is said that it was issued by "E. Mallet, against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge." Behind that non-committal "E" was "Elizabeth." It was the imagination of a woman that first conceived the idea that man would want to have the news every morning with his breakfast; and with the characteristic impulsiveness of her sex she put the idea into operation.

The Courant contained only two columns, but they were devoted entirely to news. For centuries a single copy of a bulletin has been posted on the walls of the Royal Palace in China, says Advertising and Selling, but that cannot be called a newspaper; and there was once a sort of daily market report in Germany, but it lasted only a few days.

The Courant's two columns were printed on only one side of the sheet and contained such items as the following:

"He believed that the Earl of Portland is by this time at Paris. Here is talk as if 600,000 pistols were transmitted hither from France for bribing some persons to favor the designs of that crown.

There were no pictures nor advertisements. The Courant lived several years and since its appearance the

world has never been without a daily newspaper. A copy, the very first issue in fact, is preserved in the British Museum. Elizabeth Mallet had a style and a mind of her own, as is apparent from the following paragraph from that first issue:

The Courant (as the title shows) will be published daily; being designed to give all the material news as soon as every post arrives, and is confined to half the compass to save the public at least half the impertinences of ordinary newspapers. She also promises that the editor will not "take upon himself to give any comments or conjectures of his own, but will relate only matter of fact, supposing the other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves."

A GLEAM OF HOPE

They were evidently from the country and had wandered into the first place of amusement they found. A performance of "Richard III." was in progress, and after buying tickets they went squeaking down the aisle led by the usher, to seats well near the front.

They watched the stage, at first with hope of some excitement, but with steadily decreasing interest. At last the young woman touched the young man.

"Let's go out, Jim," she said. "It's more interesting out in the street."

"Let's hold on a minute longer," returned her escort. "It cost considerable to get in, and besides, that clown has just called for a horse. I shouldn't wonder if the show's really going to begin now, Emma."

THE COURTESY OF KINGS.

I noted the other day that in the tribute which the Honorable Mr. Asquith paid to his late Majesty King Edward, that he dwelt at some length on the strict way in which King Edward had kept engagements and the keen appreciation he had shown of the value of the time of busy men. There is an old saying that "punctuality is the courtesy of kings," and his late Majesty set his subjects a most admirable example in this particular—an example which his loyal subjects in Winnipeg would do well to heed and pattern themselves upon.

Out of Spain I trust there is not another spot in the world where unpunctuality in keeping engagements and promises to complete work is so notorious as it is in Winnipeg. It is no exaggeration to say that sufficient time is wasted in Winnipeg alone every week, by failures to keep engagements, to accomplish just half as much more work as is actually done in the city.

Having spent ten days in which I kept tab and found that not a single engagement made with me to do business, to deliver goods, to do work, had been kept promptly, and feeling correspondingly irritated, I began noting the conversation of other people on this point.

One lady remarked casually that she could not complete the furnishing of her house as she had had to wait for the painters for ten days. Their contract was to be completed before the first of May, on the 1st it is still unfinished; the men who were to put up blinds were late; the company making curtains were behind their time and so on through the long list of things that go to make up the necessary finishing of a house. In the meantime she and her servants were all wasting time waiting on others.

I had hardly left this friend when I encountered a man who was simply foaming. I said: "Why, I thought you were out of town?" His reply was, "I missed my train." As he is an old and experienced traveller, I could not refrain from a little jibe. He said gravely: "It was very important that I should see a certain man before leaving; he kept me waiting half an hour beyond the time of his appointment and I could not take my train. It means that I have practically lost three days."

An awful loss in the life of a busy man.

Some printing of reports was to have been completed for the annual meeting of a big organization. They were two days behind the date promised and I remarked to the president, "You will not go to that show again." "Oh, I don't know," he replied, "they are all alike in never living up to engagements but this fellow is a brother Mason and he thinks he can afford to be more careless on that account."

People are late for church, no big public gathering starts on time; people are late for weddings, for funerals; in fact, the people who are on time in Winnipeg are the great exception instead of the rule.

It is time that people took heed to this matter. It is no longer a joke, it is a calamity. It is having its effect on the morals and manner of the whole city, and a most disastrous effect on the rising generation.

No better or finer tribute could be paid to the memory of King Edward than for his subjects in Winnipeg to take to heart the lesson of his punctual keeping of appointments and pattern their lives on the same lines. Much of what we call westerns have is simply rash and fuss caused by not keeping appointments.—"The Woman About Town" in Winnipeg Town Topics.

THE BEAR GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

The house is full of Teddy bears. They creep upon me unawares; They catch my feet upon the mat And make me think I've squashed the cat;

I sit upon them during meals And shiver at their long-drawn squeals, I find them in my bed at night, But luckily they never bite

The house is full of woolly rabbits; One never masters all their habits; They seem to have their little holes In sofa backs and china bowls; I find them in the queerest places Unbought in a mild surprise. But they are quiet as a mouse And gentle-mannered in the house.

The house is full of golliwogs In rather loud and baggy togs. They follow me with button eyes Unbought in a mild surprise. Their hair is black and very sleek; They always seem about to speak; But change their minds when I come by And fix me with that button eye.

The house is full of funny things, And every week some new one brings; I'm never certain in the least When I may meet some savage beast. But though I growl a lot about them I couldn't bear to do without them; For all these bits of rags and fur Are tried and trusted friends to Her.

REAL PERIL

Familiarity with his father's adventures in the search for the south pole has apparently bred contempt in the mind of Lieutenant Shackleton's small son.

He has heard not long ago asking his mother for "a story with danger in it."

"I don't want to hear anything more about papa," he said. "Tell me about the baby that was drowned in his bath."

WHAT NEGLECT DID FOR HIM

JAS. E. BRANT SUFFERED FROM
SYMPTOMS FROM KIDNEY
DISEASES

Then He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Became a Well Man—His Experience a Lesson for You.

Achabasa Landing, Alta., June 6.—(Special).—That Kidney Disease, neglected in its earlier stages, leads to the most terrible suffering, if not death itself, and that the one sure cure for it in all stages is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mr. James E. Brant, a farmer residing near here.

Mr. Brant contracted Kidney Disease, when a young man, from a strain, and, like hosts of others, neglected it, expecting it to go away itself.

But it kept gradually growing worse till after thirty years of increasing suffering the climax came, and he found himself so crippled that at times he could not turn in bed, and for two weeks at a time it was impossible for him to rise from a chair without putting his hands on his knees.

He could not button his clothes. He was troubled with Lumbago, Gravel and Backache, and tried medicines for each and all of them without getting relief, till good luck turned him to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills started at the cause of his troubles and cured his Kidneys. With cured Kidneys his other troubles speedily disappeared, and today he is a well man.

If you cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills you will never have Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Bright's Disease.



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price

and fine quality

HOMING

We were not driven, the choice was given Ours was the offer of ease, Of pleasure craft where the waters laughed, Wholly regardless of seas. Where rivers ran a smiling span, Neath heacons flare and flame, But we judged a life, that had banished strife, To be utterly void and same.

So we laughed and fled, where venture led, The galleys with purple decked, We harked not to the ships we knew With silted brine were flecked, Were blunt of bow, steered anyhow, With risk to life and limb, But we learnt in time, the shrouds to climb, And the tattered sails to trim.

We learnt to smile, at the danger while When waters yawned to whelm We set our teeth as we gazed beneath And held the dancing helm, We glided and swung, we cursed and clung

We bucketed through the spray, We made a port of some wild sort, Some unexpected day. But our clumsy boat, that the waters smote, It was not harbour wise, It yearned to be on the open sea, Beneath the open skies, It leapt to find not overkind, Or overguided ways, But wind swept lanes, where the sea complains To the sky that overlays.

We dropped each tight, far out of sight, Laughing to see it past, By stake and star we swept afar, And bold defiance cast, At Shores unknown and overblown, At Islands dimly seen. And nosed our ways to hidden bays, Where lonely ships career.

The topic blue we found and knew We met the colder grey, The nearer brown where rivers drown The salt springs of a bay.

We sought and met the yellow fret Of easterly typhoons, We reared our blunt bruised brows in front Of spray bespattered moons.

We missed the glades of ordered "trades" We ran no "Easting" down, But east or west as we thought best, In spite of fortune's frown.

We threshed our course, or we perforce, Drifted a stagnant hour, Till we might find some questing wind And yoke its sullen power.

Crown dead to fears, through reckless years, We strained no eye to note, Across the stream the lighthouse beam 'If we but kept aloft.

Until a new strange beacon drew Our groping ways and we Found, for our sight, a small hushed light.

Plung wide from sea to sea.

We caught our breath, could this be death.

Then, on a sudden knew, The Mother Call, had us in thrall, And all our spirits drew, And snared a heart we held apart, To bind with fetters sweet, The joys and fears of wander years, To keep about her feet.

Again grown young, our hearts up flung, And yet, we too grew old, We steered with care for waters fair That might no peril hold, The storm let loose, might now produce

A pallid check of fear, Lest we should die, with one not by Our closing hours to cheer.

The aimless drift had this in gift, That we might come to learn, From barren days and stormy ways, The rapture of return, Return to find one overkind, Who would but gently chide, The errant son who roamed to run Far from the mother's side.

LEONARD KNIPE.

Vermilion, Alta.

All Right Anyway

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone. She—What did he say? He—He said: "I don't know who you are; but it's all right."

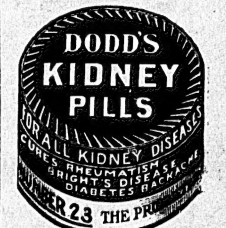
FLIES

are much easier handled if kept down from the beginning of the season than if attacked later on when they have become thousands.

Begin now by using our reliable Insect Powder Tanglefoot

Wilson's Fly Pads. All are guaranteed fresh and reliable.

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SCHLITZ BEER

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during the hot weather

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.

Distributors

Phone 1911.

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SHIPS OF THE DESERT

Ex-President Roosevelt and General Slatin on camels at Kerreri.

\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets \$1,329,098
(b) " Reserve 948,288
(c) " Income 302,571
(d) " Surplus 348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"
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762 FIRST ST. PHONE 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER

MUSIC AND DRAMA

AT SIXTEEN YEARS

She studies "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

And she classics of long ago; She thinks they are "perfectly glorious."

The teacher she loves tells her so. What she likes are the antics of "Patty."

And "scories with 'sparkle and go.' Long hours over Kipling and Dickens."

She is only a school girl, you know. She keeps up her "physical culture,"

And plays basketball with her might.

Studies Latin and algebra problems. And goes to bed early each night.

What she likes is to dance until morning.

In ruffles all frilly and pink, To "scoot" up the drive in a motor.

Or to gaily roll 'round at the rink.

She practices Grieg and Mozowski. Though her brain wanders off in a dream.

She goes to hear symphony concerts. With the Damosch expounding the theme.

What she likes is the waltz of the "Widow."

Gay two-steps that tingle and stir. The resonant chorus of "Boola."

Or the 'gay of the "Little Chaffeur."

She goes to hear "Julius Caesar."

With notebook, not just as a lark; She visits Greek casts in museums.

And sketches bare trees in the park. What she likes is Maude Adams as "Peter."

Or, a jolly good Hippodrome show. A comrade to laugh with—and caramels—

She is only a school girl, you know. Elizabeth Elliott in St. Nicholas Magazine.

As we are to hear the great cantatrice in Alberta this fall the following

despatch from London under date of May 30th, is of unusual interest: Mme. Melba, the singer, made her first appearance at Covent Garden tonight

after an absence of two years. She was rapturously welcomed by a vast audience, many members of which had waited in line since morning to secure places.

Mme. Melba, who was in splendid

voice, sang "Mimi" in "La Boheme." She received innumerable curtain calls and a perfect wilderness of floral tributes. There were bouquets, baskets and chaplets in such bewildering profusion that they literally overran her dressing room and extended far out into the corridor.

Miss Marie Hall, the noted violinist, whom we heard a year ago, has just completed arrangements to tour South America, commencing in August next. She is guaranteed \$50,000, which is believed to be the largest amount ever paid a violinist.

"W. G." writes as follows to the New York Sun: There is one place in America that is rich in reminiscences of the stage, Halifax, N. S., suggests the jumping-off place of the Atlantic, jostling of various theatrical companies but away back in the '70s it was a stopping place for long and short periods of various theatrical companies which in summer time combined business with pleasure.

Here at one time John T. Raymond played a season, the elder Sothorn and Charles Matthews a week each, and the old timers of the place will recount with great satisfaction the visits of some of America's greatest; of E. L. Davenport playing in "Hamlet" one night and "Black-eyed Susan" another; of W. E. Sheridan, leading man for a whole season there; of John W. Albaugh, John T. Norton, Leslie Allen and Dan Maginnis, and later Fawcett and John Binny playing weeks together at a time! They seldom ran a piece more than two nights, but the variety of parts they were called on to play no doubt was valuable experience in later life.

Here, too, Clara Morris played before she had a very extensive reputation. Drifting down as a star for a week, she finished the season out as leading lady, playing perhaps "Lady Macbeth" one night and "Rosa Leigh" in "Rosedale" another. It is somewhat curious that at the same time, reporting each night, the theatrical news items for the "Morning Chronicle," was a local reporter on moderate salary of the name of W. S. Fielding. They are now both in the limelight.

the latter Financial Minister of Canada, in the zenith of his powers, the other with life ebbing away, almost sans everything." Such is fate.

New Yorkers are late theatergoers and visitors to the city in the summer are likely to acquire the habit, so the manager of a theatre with a play so successful that it seems destined to run all summer has devised a means of letting the spectators understand what they are seeing. Enclosed in every programme is a printed sheet explaining all that happens in the first act and even spectators who do not come until after it is over are able to enjoy the play intelligently.

Richard Hoffman, the noted musician, was only twelve years old when his name was sent in as a candidate for the position of organist at the Prestwich Parish Church, near Manchester, England. In "Scribner's Magazine" Mr. Hoffman tells of his trial visit as organist, an amusing and still a pathetic story when one recalls the youthfulness of the aspirant.

Lord Wilton, an excellent musical amateur, had this appointment as well as the living of the church at his disposal, and I was invited to go to Heaton Park, his country seat near Manchester, to play for him.

I was sent on this long drive quite alone in a cab at about nine in the evening, in order to reach there after dinner. I well recall the ordeal of that memorable occasion.

I was ushered into the drawing-room at about 10 o'clock, the guests being all assembled after dinner. There was an organ at one end, as well as a grand piano, and I had hoped to be asked to play on the piano, but his lordship conducted me to the organ and told me that he wished to judge chiefly of my reading at sight.

He put before me some old chorals with figured bass, and asked me to

play them. I must have done so rather creditably, as he seemed pleased and satisfied, and told me I could try the service the following Sunday.

In the morning I conducted myself very well, and was much praised for it, but in the afternoon I was probably tired—it will be remembered I was only twelve years old—and in the midst of the second chant, when most of the stops were out, and I was putting on all the steam I could command, I suddenly lost my balance on the organ bench, my foot slipped off the swell pedal, and I fell headlong on the keyboards.

In trying to avert the catastrophe,

I plunged from Seylla into Charybdis, for I tumbled among the foot pedals and created a cataclysm of sounds that must have scandalized the congregation.

I recall in a vague sort of a way that my brothers never considered the disaster in the light of an accident. I was not very anxious to obtain the position with the work it entailed, and it is barely possible I may have taken this way out of it. Be this as it may, Lord Wilton wrote to my father, praising my talents, but stating that he considered me too young to assume the responsibility of directing the choir.



AN ARTIST AND HIS WORK

Robert W. Chanler, grandson of John Jacob Astor, and his famous giraffe painting, which he presented to Mme. Cavaleri, whose engagement to him has just been announced.

Always Glad to "Show You"

It's a pleasure to demonstrate the superiority of our printing as well as the superiority of our service.

Those hard headed people who give and expect full a dollar's value for a dollar are particularly welcome here.

Come in and see the new wrinkles we are showing in papers and color combinations—novelties in folders, mail cards, blotters, etc.—things that advertise your business, that "get the money" in sizeable chunks and at moderate cost.

We're at your service every business day for anything in the printing line, and we'll realize your ideas fully.

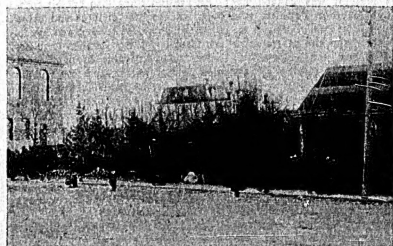
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and our job printing man will be glad to call at your office and submit samples.

Saturday News, Ltd.

37-39 Howard Avenue

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Edmonton Branch A. H. DICKINS, Manager



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have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.
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EDMONTON,
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JUNE 5th, 1910

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21.00 Lv. EDMONTON Ar. 7.00
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PORT ARTHUR AND DULUTH EXPRESS (Daily)

17.45 Lv. WINNIPEG Ar. 9.35
10.55 Ar. PORT ARTHUR Lv. 16.20
8.30 Ar. DULUTH Lv. 19.10
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SUMMER TOURIST FARES

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260 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN PROSPECT.

In the June number of The Popular Electricity magazine Thomas A. Edison makes some remarkable anticipations regarding future electrical developments. "The world," he says, "has taken nothing more than a single step in the discovery and use of electricity. The countless ways in which the strange force is used are as nothing to what is to come. Wait—wait a few years and we will see what the real use of electricity really means." Edison speaks enthusiastically of the electrical field as a career for young men and declares that we shall have easily \$500,000,000,000 of money in electrical service in 1925, and five times as many persons will then be employed in electricity as now, most of them in branches for

which we have not yet even got a name.

Stranger even than these developments in electrical science which he sees ahead is Edison's prediction that a new kind of power will be discovered. "What its nature will be he does not profess to say, but that it will be found he is as positive as that in the near future much of the distributing business and the household requirements of life will be done by that ubiquitous servant, electricity. What Edison prophesies with all the weight of his inventive imagination, men of wealth and political influence believe. Hence the attempts made everywhere on this continent to seize the water-powers of the country and to establish private monopolies of electrical generation and distribution. The older and less universal sources of power have been allowed to pass largely under private control—electricity, the servant of the people, must not. It is for the people to protect themselves against the day of its entering into its own.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from page one.)

Sir Ernest Shackleton's recent visit has stimulated interest in Antarctic exploration to a very marked extent. By the way, did you notice that Sir Ernest rounded the first "C" when in Canadian schools we have always been taught to ignore it. Captain Scott's stout ship, the Terra Nova, set out from the old land last week and it is fully expected that he will reach the South Pole a year from next December. No expedition was ever better equipped, and following the route traversed and mapped out by Shackleton, and profiting by his experience, there is no reason to doubt the success of the elements why it should not reach the goal. In his essay in 1901-02 Captain Scott had untoward conditions to contend with. His ship, the Discovery, did not get as far south as was expected before the ice closed in around her, which necessitated a long "dash" to the pole, and in the end the Discovery and her crew had to submit to a rescue by the Morning and the Terra Nova, which had been sent out by the British Government. Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson and Lieutenant Shackleton reached land in latitude 86, 17, up to that time the furthest south, and obtained a good view of the mountain ranges and the great tableland which Shackleton five years later was to explore and map. The previous furthest south, 78, 50, Borchgrevink had placed to his credit in 1900.

"We have never quite understood," says the New York Sun, "why Lieutenant Shackleton, who in his later venture reached a point ninety-seven statute miles from the south pole, declared himself out of the second Scott expedition. If there is such a thing as poetic justice it seemed to require the completion of that last lap by the gallant knight and the running up of the colors by his own hand at the ultimate pole. It is only on the principle of turn about being fair play that we can account for Shackleton's stepping aside to allow his old comrade Scott to win the prize that seems to be almost within his grasp as he prepares to leave for the Antarctic.

Sir William Butler, whose death took place last week, had a very extensive connection with Canada. As Capt. Butler he spent a considerable portion of his early life with his regiment in Ontario. This was in the years immediately preceding the departure of the regulars from this country. He came west with Wolseley at the time of the first Red River rebellion and later was sent into the country of the Saskatchewan to make a special report. His observations he incorporated in a book, published in 1872, and entitled "The Great Lone Land," which in view of the immense development which this territory has undergone since that time makes very interesting reading now. In 1884 he came to Canada to organize the Nile voyageurs and in the Sudan campaign which followed acquired himself with great distinction. His reports on conditions in South Africa prior to the war, all the more verified in a most remarkable manner by later events. In this prosaic age so stirring and so varied a career is permitted to few men.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton Society

The dog-days are already upon us, so far as social news goes. Apart from the coming and going of summer visitors and the fitting of our own people for their annual vacations at the seaside or at some of the lake resorts that are each year becoming more numerous in our own province, there is little to record. The weekly golf teas are, with the dullness of the rest of the week, all the more welcome. Mrs. Swaisland and Madame Thibaudau acted as hostesses last Saturday and the club verandah was crowded with golfers, active and passive.

Miss Harrison of Calgary arrived last week end to visit at the home of her brother, Mr. W. G. Harrison. Mrs. J. D. Hyndman and children leave on Saturday for Ottawa. They will proceed later to the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Charlesworth and children set out on Thursday for Kenora, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. D. W. McDonald leaves on Saturday for Colours, Mrs. Ewing starting the same day for Orillia. Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Levinge went to Gull Lake this week. They have taken the Bishop cottage for the season.

Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods and Marjorie went east to Toronto this week to spend several weeks in different points in Ontario and on the American side.

Mrs. W. S. Lazier, 1402 Second street east, entertained Mrs. H. A. Lytle and family of Vancouver during the week.

Miss Edmonds and her brother, Dr. R. F. Edmonds, went to the coast this week to visit Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.

Hon. and Mrs. F. A. McNaughton have arrived from Ottawa. They purpose spending the summer in Calgary.

Mr. H. Miller, Mr. W. J. Miller and Miss Bertha Miller of Cheshire are spending a few days in the city.

Captain E. D. J. Gordon of India, who is on his way home to England, was in Calgary a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Milligan from Scotland, came to the city this week. They purpose taking up their residence in the city.

Senator Loughheed went east on Friday to spend a fortnight in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

L. B. Elliot, C. E., returned from Regina, early in the week.

Judge and Mrs. Mitchell returned this week to the city after a very pleasant visit to Medicine Hat.

Mrs. W. D. Spence returned to the city this week after visiting for a short time in Medicine Hat.

Mr. S. W. Matthews of Belfast, Banking Co., Belfast, Ireland, arrived in town during the week.

A meeting of the Victoria Order of Nurses was held at Mrs. Loughheed's on Monday, June 6th.

Mr. J. W. Davidson, 801 Royal avenue, is entertaining her mother, Mrs. C. Davidson of Austin, Minn.

Mrs. Frank Brown of Okotoks and Mrs. L. T. Couric of this city left for the east on Saturday at noon. They will spend the summer in Toronto and Bowmanville.

Miss Jean Grant, formerly of Stratford, Ontario, and lately of Cheshire, Alberta, arrived in the city last week to take charge of the social department of the Herald.

A dainty luncheon claimed Mrs. Robb, 545 Fifteenth avenue west, as hostess this week. Variegated sweet peas and ferns formed an exquisite decoration. Covers were laid for Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Lee and Miss Merkle.

Senator and Mrs. Loughheed purpose going to Banff early in July to spend the summer in their new house, which they have purchased recently. Their summer home is an ideal one, and is very beautifully situated near the C. P. R. hotel.

Miss Costello, Miss Rouleau and Miss Florence Lee of Calgary and the Misses Stewart of Edmonton left last week for England. Miss Rouleau purposes staying a year on the continent and the other young ladies intend to visit Great Britain, France and Ireland and return to Canada in the autumn.

Mrs. McMillen, 18th Ave., entertained the O. W. R. Club on Tuesday of this week. Some of those who were there were Mrs. May, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Bennock and Mrs. Shaver. Mrs. J. W. Campbell, 126, 13th Ave. east, will entertain the club on Tuesday, June 14th.

Miss West, the supreme record keeper of the Ladies of the Macabees of the World was in the city at Brainerd Lodge on June 6th.

Miss Alice Mahliot, daughter of L. Mahliot, Dominion Government resident engineer, graduated in architecture at the College of Arts, Providence, R. I., May 25th. At the final reception Miss Mahliot was handed her diploma by Governor Polthier, who is a relative of the family. She is expected home at the end of June, accompanied by her grandmother, with whom she has been staying for the past three years.

Mrs. C. B. Reilly, 337 15th Ave. West, left last week accompanied by Judge Lowell and party for the north. They are planning to go to the Mackenzie Bay in the Arctic circle.

Mrs. Peake gave a charming Five Hundred in honor of the Misses Green during the week. The handsome bungalow was attractively decorated with spring blooms, ferns and palms. The games were merrily played and closely contested. At the conclusion of the required number it was

found that the pretty prizes had been won by Miss Ings and Mr. Jephson and Miss Fidal. Among the guests were: Mrs. Nicholls, Miss Green, Miss Daisy Green, Miss Ings, Miss Lily, Miss Lake, Miss Tidal, Mr. Carr, Mr. Daintrey, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Robertson, Mr. O'Callahan, Mr. Napier Smith and Mr. Wilson.

Complimentary to the Misses Green Miss Ings gave the daintiest of luncheons on Tuesday. The guests included several friends of the Misses Green and their bridesmaids. The color scheme of green and white was artistically carried out, white marguerites and southern greenery graced the centre of the attractive table. White sweet peas formed the prettiest of place bouquets, Miss Ings looked lovely in white linen and Miss M. Green was much admired in a fashionable gown of champagne silk with rich trimmings, and Miss D. Green wore pale pink taffeta trimmed with silk lace and applique to correspond.

The Pro-Cathedral was the scene of an interesting and pretty wedding on Saturday, May 28th. The contracting parties were Miss Lucile Merkle, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Merkle of Arcadia, Mont., and Mr. Samuel L. Lee, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lee of Algona, Iowa. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Mr. Horne. The bride carried a shower bouquet of La France roses and lilies of the valley and looked lovely in an attractive creation of cream, silk net over satin with silver finishings on the corsage. She wore a bridal veil which was gracefully arranged with a cluster of orange blossoms. Miss Theresa Lee in a cream silk taffeta, carrying daybreak carnations, acted as bridesmaid. Mr. J. W. Fleming attended the groom. After a dainty dejeuner, Mr. and Mrs. Lee went north to Edmonton and Strathcona to spend a fortnight's holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Lee purpose residing in the city and will take apartments in the Dick Block. They will be "at home" after June 10th.

STARLAND.

The crowds which attended the exhibition for the "Funeral Procession of King Edward" were the largest of any one picture has drawn. The event is so memorable that all wished to have an idea of this sageant which was the greatest the world has known. The audiences were held spellbound before the awe-inspiring spectacle and the very silence showed their vast appreciation.

"The Dancing Girl of Butte" is another happy thought produced by the Biograph Co. It shows that however low a human being may fall, there is always a chance of redemption through the mystic power of love.

"The Stinging Girl of Butte" is another happy thought produced by the Biograph Co. It shows that however low a human being may fall, there is always a chance of redemption through the mystic power of love. Stinging her, certainly caught another star in the form of Harry Hohn, the well-known baritone. Mr. Hohn has already charmed our numerous theatre-goers through the beauty of his voice and we predict for him great successes during his stay in Edmonton.

The Provincial Exhibition to be held at Calgary June 20th to July 7th is going to excel any previous efforts made in Canada West of Winnipeg. Some of the prominent features will be:

A mechanical milking machine demonstration with instructive lectures. An acre yield competition in which all the grain grown on an acre must be shown, and for which practically \$1,000 is offered in prizes. This feature promises to be a great success.

An exhibit showing the different grades of commercial steers.

An exhibit illustrating the process of grading up by the use of purebred stallions.

Actual forestry demonstration by the Dominion tree planting division on a large plot on the grounds.

An art and china loan exhibit composed of the best pictures and china from the homes of residents of Western Canada. Many families have articles of great value brought from their former homes, and you will be surprised at the magnificence of the display. If you have any article of merit that you are willing to exhibit the manager of the exhibition will appreciate it if you will let him know.

All freight rates are refunded on exhibits originating in Alberta. The text music and attractions that can be secured including the famous Navassir Ladies' Band.

Entries for the exhibition will close June 18th at Calgary. Make up a party of your friends and enjoy a grand holiday.

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